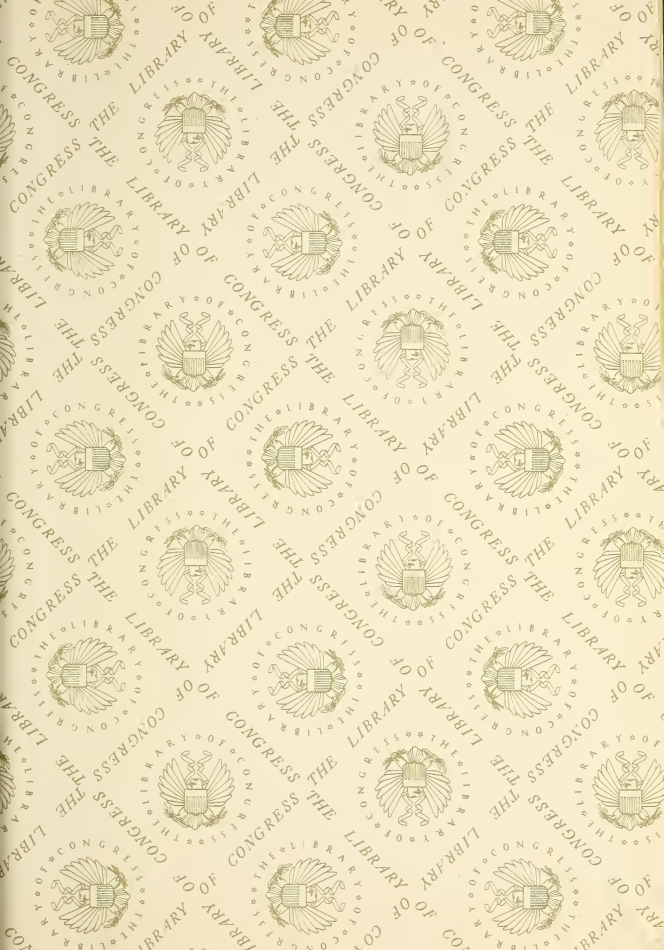


BV 360

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THE
LITTLE CATHOLIC'S
CHORAL

By

REV. JAMES B. CURRY

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To Christ and His Blessed Mother
these hymns are
most lovingly dedicated.

Nihil obstat

REMIGIUS LAFORT, S. T. D.
CENSOR

Imprimatur

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The Little Catholic's Choral

PART 1

✠ In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.

THE ANGELICAL SALUTATION

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with Thee, blessed art Thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of Thy womb, Jesus: Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death. Amen.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

THE APOSTLES' CREED

I believe in God, the Father almighty, Creator of Heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died and was buried; He descended into hell, the third day he arose again from the dead: He ascended into Heaven, sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father almighty, from thence He shall come to judge the living and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting. Amen.

AN ACT OF FAITH

O my God! I firmly believe that Thou art one God in three Divine Persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; I believe that Thy Divine Son became man, and died for our sins, and that He will come to judge the living and the dead. I believe these and all the truths which the Holy Catholic Church teaches, because Thou hast revealed them, who canst neither deceive nor be deceived.

AN ACT OF HOPE

O my God! relying on Thy infinite goodness and promises, I hope to obtain the pardon of my sins, the help of Thy grace, and life everlasting, through the merits of Jesus Christ, my Lord and Redeemer.

AN ACT OF LOVE

O my God! I love Thee above all things, with my whole heart and soul, because Thou art all-good and worthy of all love. I love my neighbor as myself for the love of Thee. I forgive all who have injured me, and ask pardon of all whom I have injured.

AN ACT OF CONTRITION

O my God! I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee, and I detest all my sins, because I dread the loss of Heaven and the pains of hell, but most of all because they offend Thee, my God, who art all-good and deserving of all my love. I firmly resolve, with the help of Thy grace, to confess my sins, to do penance, and to amend my life.

HAIL, HOLY QUEEN

Hail, holy Queen, Mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope! To Thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve, to Thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears. Turn then, most gracious Advocate, Thine eyes of mercy towards us, and after this our exile, show unto us the blessed fruit of Thy womb, Jesus: O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary.

REMEMBER, O MOST SACRED HEART

Remember, O Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, that it is unheard of through all ages that a sinner had fled to Thy protection or implored Thy aid, without obtaining relief. Confiding in Thine infinite goodness and mercy, I cast myself before Thee, and do most humbly supplicate Thee to hear my prayer, and take upon Thyself the care of my salvation. Show, O divine Jesus, that Thou hast the Heart of the best of fathers. Shelter us therein, and let it not be said that we have perished where no one ever found but grace, mercy and salvation.

O Sacrament most holy, O Sacrament divine,
All praise and all thanksgiving be every moment Thine.

PART 2

1—GREAT GOD, OUR VOICES

Great God, our voices now we raise
Thy glory to proclaim,
Thy mercy and Thy love to praise,
Our hearts with love aflame.
Yes, with the whole angelic choir,
With all the Saints of Heaven entire,
In grateful hymns we now desire
To praise and bless Thy name.

We thank Thee, Father ever good,
For nature's bounteous store,
And Thee, O Christ, who by Thy Blood
Our birthright didst restore,
And Holy Ghost, who dost bestow
The graces that from Heaven flow
Upon Thy children here below,
We thank Thee and adore.

2—HOLY LORD

Holy Lord, we praise Thee in Thy glory,
 God of all, adoring we bend low.
 Mighty King, we love to tell the story
 Of the wond'rous gifts Thou dost bestow.
 Angels praise Thee, chants eternal singing,
 Sweetest harmonies the Saints proclaim,
 Mortals, too, their grateful off'rings bringing,
 All Thy creatures bless Thy holy name.

All Thy works in tribute of thanksgiving,
 Sing Thy praise in one eternal song,
 Earth and sky and every creature living,
 All in chorus glad their hymns prolong.
 Praise we, then, the Father who has made us,
 The Redeemer, Christ, His only Son,
 And the Holy Ghost, whose graces aid us,
 Praised be God the Blessed Three in One.

 3—THROUGH THE GOLDEN COURTS OF
 HEAVEN

Through the golden courts of Heaven
 Happy alleluias ring,
 Angels praising, Saints adoring,
 Canticles and hymns they sing.
 Hymns in praise of God, the Father,
 And the Son and Holy Ghost,
 In unceasing, gladd'ning chorus
 Sweetly sings the heavenly host.

Let us in these holy anthems
 Join with prayerful, loving hearts,
 Praising God for all His mercies
 And the blessings He imparts.
 Earth and Heaven then united,
 Loud their chorus will prolong,
 Hymns of praise and of thanksgiving
 In one ever grateful song.

4—COME, HOLY SPIRIT

Come, Holy Spirit, Father blest,
 Come with Thy graces all supreme,
 Come, fill the souls of all whom Christ
 On Calvary's mountain did redeem.
 Dispel the darkness of the night
 And shed Thy beams of radiant light,
 O, keep our faltering steps aright;
 Come, Holy Spirit, come.

Come to our anxious, waiting souls,
 Imploring help from Heaven above,
 Come, make each heart a paradise,
 Come, Holy Spirit, God of love.
 Come, warm our hearts too long grown cold,
 Come with Thy blessings all untold,
 Come with Thy graces sevenfold,
 Come, Holy Spirit, come.

May Understanding help our faith,
 And Knowledge teach us what to do,
 And Wisdom all our actions guide,
 And Counsel keep in pathways true.
 Our souls by Piety imbued,
 Make stronger still by Fortitude;
 When tempted, be God's Fear renewed,
 Come, Holy Spirit, come.

Thou hast our souls forever sealed
 As soldiers of our heavenly King,
 And rather than betray His cause,
 Oh, let us suffer everything.
 Than sin again, we'd rather die
 As soldiers of our God on high.
 All loyal, true to our last sigh,
 Come, Holy Spirit, come.

5—I THANK THEE, LORD

I thank Thee, Lord, for help that Thou hast given
 To strengthen my poor soul with saving grace;
 O, keep me in the path that leads to Heaven,
 Where I may always see Thy beauteous face.
 Dear Lord, I need Thy helping hand forever,
 Unless Thou help me, I can never live,
 Then grant me, dearest Savior, that I never
 May lose the grace that Thou dost deign to give.
 I pray Thee, dearest Savior, always aid me,
 I ask no riches other than Thy love;
 Remember, Father, Thou alone hast made me
 To dwell in bliss with Thee in Heaven above.

Like to a sheep his shepherd's voice unheeding,
 From pastures rich and fertile I did roam;
 The Shepherd sought me and His tender pleading
 Has brought me back into my Father's home.
 My soul again restored to Christ's embraces,
 I now rest close unto His Sacred Heart;
 I feel Its warmth, as graces upon graces
 His loving mercies to my soul impart.
 In exultation grateful anthems raising,
 I thank the mighty Father and the Son,
 And the co-equal Spirit likewise praising,
 May all adore the Blessed Three in One.

6—THERE IS NO LOVE LIKE JESUS' LOVE

There is no love like Jesus' love,
 It is a boundless sea,
 A love so great that God alone
 Of it possessed could be.
 Nor time nor space can limit it,
 It is for great and small,
 The poor and rich, yes, everyone,
 Christ Jesus loves us all.

The Savior's cross the story tells
 How, when suspended high,
 With arms outstretched and fastened there
 For all He deigned to die.
 And from His open Sacred wounds
 Flowed down in generous stream
 The Savior's precious Blood that could
 A thousand worlds redeem.

Then I must never lose my hope
 In my Redeemer's grace,
 His Blood for me on Calvary shed,
 Will all my guilt efface.
 If only with repentant soul
 I turn to Him for aid
 My Shepherd's love will welcome home
 The poor, weak sheep that strayed.

7—JESUS, MY LORD

Jesus, my Lord and my God and my King,
 O, how I love Thee above everything!
 Thou art my life, my beginning, my end,
 Master, my Father, my Savior, my Friend.
 True I've offended, a sinner am I,
 Still, Lord, remember, for me Thou did'st die.
 O, let Thy blood wash my sins all away,
 Give me Thy love, dearest Savior, I pray.
 Ways that were sinful, O Lord, I did tread,
 Far from Thy law by the vile tempter led,
 Sad and repentant, my soul turns to Thee,
 O God of pity, have pity on me.
 Jesus, I love Thee with all my poor strength,
 Savior, dear, bless me in life till at length
 Breathing my last sigh in Thy fond embrace
 Happy in Heaven I see Thy sweet face.

8—AT THY FEET I LOVE TO KNEEL

At Thy feet I love to kneel,
 Jesus, Savior mine,
 And my love for Thee reveal,
 Lord and King divine.
 Let me look up in Thy face,
 Let me see Thy smile,
 Comfort my poor soul with grace,
 As I kneel the while.

Press me close unto Thy Heart,
 Let me feel each beat;
 Strength and grace to me impart;
 Thus to live is sweet.
 So to die and hold Thee fast
 Drawing my last breath;
 Jesus grant me then at last
 Such a happy death.

Then in Heaven still with Thee,
 At Thy blessed feet,
 Happy for eternity
 Soul with joy replete;
 All absorbed in Vision grand
 Of the Three in One,
 Father, Holy Spirit and
 The Eternal Son.

9—HOW VAIN IS THE THOUGHT

How vain is the thought—we can live without Thee.
 Jesus, Creator divine.
 The life that we live and the food that sustains,
 Jesus, are surely all thine,
 So too is Thy love the real life of our souls,
 Jesus, to Thee now we cry,
 O come fill our souls with that love's burning fire,
 Jesus, without it we die.

This world has its pleasures, but all pass away,
 Jesus, from all we must part,
 All fleeting the honors and wealth of this world,
 Jesus, eternal Thou art—
 Thou art the unchanging and infinite Good,
 Jesus, my God, Thou alone
 Canst fill to the fullest my heart and my soul,
 Jesus, my King, all my own.

10—WHO IS THE SINNER

Who is the sinner that Christ does not love?
 Where is the soul unredeemed by His Blood?
 Where is the sheep that has strayed from His fold
 That is not sought by the Shepherd all good?
 No one is lost with a heart that can grieve,
 No one abandoned with tears that can fall,
 Christ the Redeemer in agony sore,
 Died on the cross upon Calvary for all.

How can the sinner so blindly refuse
 Christ's tender love, all His blessings and grace?
 Loyal in friendship, there's no one so true;
 Millions of worlds could not Jesus replace.
 Not all the honors and wealth of this world
 Ever could equal what Jesus can give.
 Let's seek Him ever, and deep in our hearts
 There loved and loving, let dear Jesus live.

11—JESUS DEAR, I LOVE THEE

Jesus dear, I love Thee far beyond expressing,
 As my poor and feeble lips can never tell;
 Yes, with all my heart I love Thee, dearest Savior,
 Lord, I need not tell Thee for Thou know'st it well.
 As I live each length'ning hour my life advancing,
 May each moment find my love increase for Thee;
 My whole being to Thy glory consecrating,
 May, my life one act prolonged of love e'er be.

Jesus dear, a proof of Thy great love Thou gavest
 On the saving Cross when for me Thou didst die.
 Ev'ry drop of Precious Blood Thy dear Heart shedding
 When upon the cross it broke in Thy last sigh.
 Jesus, how I long to give Thee proof I love Thee,
 Let me tell Thee so until my dying breath;
 And in ev'ry trial and in all temptation,
 Make me loyal, Jesus, unto Thee till death.

Mary, Mother, make me love my dear Redeemer,
 Keep me, Mother, ever near Him by Thy side;
 Thy protecting hand must never let me wander,
 Let Thy love and His with me always abide.
 Mother, well Thou know'st our life's a cruel battle
 'Gainst the foes that strive to lead us into sin;
 But with Jesus' love and Thy all potent pleading,
 Heaven's everlasting glory we shall win.

12—HOW SWEET THY NAME

How sweet Thy Name, O Jesus,
 Sweet as a heavenly strain,
 A shield for sinners tempted,
 And comfort in all pain;
 When storms are fiercely raging,
 When sin its war is waging,
 Then in Thy Name engaging,
 We shall not fight in vain.

Now in the battle bravely
 All fighting for Thee, Lord,
 Thy Name will give us courage
 And quick relief afford;
 Hence with our hearts all willing,
 Thy grace our souls all filling,
 Thy Name our watchword thrilling,
 Thou wilt our crown afford.

Dear Jesus, be our Savior,
 Thy Name in truth fulfill,
 For though we are poor sinners,
 We are Thy children still.
 Then close to Thee all pressing,
 Thy holy Name confessing,
 We humbly seek Thy blessing
 And pray to do Thy will.

13—HAVE MERCY, O SAVIOR

Have mercy, O Savior in Heaven,
 For sins we sincerely repent,
 'Twas weakness, not malice, betrayed us,
 O God, in Thy mercy relent.
 In sorrow we now bow before Thee,
 In tears all our sins we bemoan,
 Forgive us, we pray Thee, dear Savior,
 Thy sufferings for us will atone.

We grieve for the great loss of Heaven,
 We dread, too, the torments of Hell,
 Above all, dear Savior, we love Thee
 With love human lips cannot tell;
 We promise a faithful amendment,
 We purpose to sin never more,
 Accept then, dear Lord, our repentance,
 Our souls to Thy friendship restore.

14—I KNOW, MY SAVIOR

I know, my Savior, I have sinned
 Past mercy and relenting,
 Yet in my faith do I believe,
 Thou'rt good to one repenting.
 I come and at Thy blessed feet
 For mercy there I kneel;
 Ah, dearest Savior, in Thy love,
 Hear Thou my sad appeal.

Beneath the shadow of Thy Cross,
 Cleansed in Thy Blood all-saving,
 I lowly bend my sinful head,
 Thy pity humbly craving;
 My sins are many, yet Thy love
 Surpasses all beside;
 Dear Lord, I know it was for me
 That my Creator died.

Amid the glow of Easter light
 That shines from out the portal
 Of Calvary's tomb whence Christ arose
 In glory and immortal.
 With gladdening hope my soul is filled
 Of mingling with the Blest,
 In happiness, unending bliss,
 My heavenly Father's guest.

15—COVERED WITH THE DUST OF BATTLE

Covered with the dust of battle,
 Wearyworn and bodysore,
 Brokenhearted and defeated,
 Now a traitor never more,
 To my Savior's feet returning,
 To His standard I shall cling,
 For this world is false and fleeting,
 All is false save Christ, my King.

Jesus my Savior, have mercy on me,
 Traitor 'tis true, but repenting,
 Fighting again for Thy Cross I would be,
 Ne'er to betray Thee consenting,
 Make me Thy soldier all loyal and true,
 Brave in the battle for Thee and the right,
 Grant me Thy grace, and, dear Lord, help me, too,
 Then I shall win in this glorious fight.

Jesus for a life long wasted
 Hoping humbly to atone,
 Now I pledge myself and promise
 I shall serve my God alone.
 Yes, my King, and, ever faithful
 To this pledge I'll always be:
 Help me, Lord, to keep my promise,
 I can do all things through Thee.

16—TO DO THY HOLY WILL

To do Thy holy will, dear Lord,
 That is my prayer;
 To do it as the Angels do,
 That is my prayer.
 Without question, without doubt,
 With myself entire left out,
 All except the act I do,
 Loyal to Thee, Lord, and true,
 That is my prayer.

And in Thy holy will to die,
 That is my prayer;
 To die as dear St. Joseph did,
 That is my prayer.
 My last agony begun,
 My last prayer "Thy will be done,"
 Even then, dear Lord, e'en still
 Dying only at Thy will,
 That is my prayer.

17—OUR WEARIED SOULS

Our wearied souls are panting, Lord,
 To rise unto the sky,
 Our wearied hearts are longing, Lord,
 To fly to Thee on high.
 With Thee alone is joy complete,
 Unending gladness nigh Thy throne,
 We know Thou art our only Good,
 Yes, Lord, and Thou alone.

We know, dear Lord, Thy works are fair,
 In ocean, vale and hill,
 In wood and stream, in bird and flower,
 But Heaven is better still;
 A thousand times more beautiful.
 And happy home for us awaits,
 Prepared for us by Thee, O Lord,
 Within the heavenly gates.

Then help us, Lord, whilst here we strive
 To reach that happy place,
 For all we do is nothing, Lord,
 Without Thy aiding grace.
 We long to be with Thee at rest,
 With Saints and Angels happy there;
 Then aid us now, Thy help we need,
 Dear Savior, hear our prayer.

18—HOW SHALL I FACE MY JUDGE

How shall I face my Judge,
 When on that dreadful day,
 In fire and God's own wrath,
 This earth will pass away;
 When Heaven opened wide,
 The Cross and Christ appear,
 To judge the Saints in love
 And sinners faint with fear.

I shall behold that Cross,
 I'll see that saving wood
 Whereon my Savior died,
 All crimsoned in His Blood;
 And to that holy Cross
 As Magdalen I'll cling,
 And mercy I shall find
 From Christ, my Judge and King.

Dear Jesus, now I pray
 To love that holy Cross,
 To look upon all else
 As fleeting and as dross.
 In sorrow and in pain,
 Thy Cross I shall hold fast
 Until in happy death,
 I win my crown at last.

19—FROM OUT THE SKIES

From out the skies hosannas ring
 O'er Bethlehem's cave the Angels sing
 For Christ is born our Heavenly King—Gloria.
 When all the world is held in sleep
 Upon the hills while watch they keep,
 The shepherds hear amid their sheep—Gloria.

CHORUS :

Glory to God in the highest,
 On earth peace to men of good will,
 For Jesus is born our dear Savior
 In the manger on Bethlehem's hill—
 He is come to all men as Redeemer
 He is come to free every poor slave,
 Let nations rejoice and all people be glad,
 The Messiah is come all to save.

Amid the glory of that night,
 The shepherds wonder at the sight
 Of Angels singing in their flight—Gloria.
 Behold an Angel standing by,
 Tells them the Son of God most high
 Is born and doth in manger lie—Gloria.

These harmonies the shepherds trace
 Until they reach the holy place
 Where lay the Savior of our race—Gloria.
 Thus not the proud of wealth and worth
 But just the lowly ones of earth
 Were present at our Savior's birth—Gloria.

Just as the shepherds did of yore
 May we in Heaven our King adore,
 And chant with Angels evermore—Gloria.
 All praise be given, homage done,
 Unto the Father and the Son,
 And Holy Ghost, God Three in One—Gloria.

20—CHRIST IS BORN

Christ is born our Savior King,
 Glory to God in the highest,
 Heaven's Angels sweetly sing,
 Glory to God in the highest.
 In the manger Christ was laid,
 God by Whom all things were made,
 By His Birth sin's debt is paid,
 Glory to God in the highest.

See our King in Bethlehem's cave,
 Glory to God in the highest,
 Christ who came the world to save,
 Glory to God in the highest.
 Throned in Mary's fond embrace,
 Gazing into her sweet face,
 Rests the Savior of our race,
 Glory to God in the highest.

With the shepherds let's adore,
 Glory to God in the highest,
 As the angels sing the more,
 Glory to God in the highest.
 Anthems these tell us of peace,
 Tell of sinful man's release,
 Chant a victory ne'er to cease,
 Glory to God in the highest.

21—OUT INTO THE DARKNESS

Out into the darkness of night
 Our Savior in grief went to pray:
 His faithful Apostles likewise
 Accompanied Him on the way.
 All went with our Savior but one,
 Ah, who is there that can believe?
 He sought on his dear Master's life
 A price from the Jews to receive.

Our Savior the garden soon reached,
 His friends bade without to await,
 And taking John, Peter and James,
 He passed with these three through the gate,
 And, kneeling in agony, prayed
 His Father's, not His will be done;
 In stress of His pain flowed His Blood,
 Atonement for sin had begun.

The friends of our Lord fell asleep,
 The traitor was busy awake;
 In haste with the rabble he came
 Our Jesus a prisoner to take.
 Imprinting a kiss on His lips,
 "Take Him; that's the sign," he had said,
 They seized Him and took Him away,
 His friends all like cowards had fled.

Dear Christians, when tempted by sin,
 We yield to the evil one's guile,
 We always betray our dear Lord,
 The same as the traitor so vile.
 And never in fear let us flee
 From Christ and His faith and His laws,
 Till crowned by our Jesus in Heaven
 As soldiers who died in His cause.

22—MY JESUS

My Jesus in the garden bowed,
 In agonizing grief,
 Would I were there to soothe Thy pain,
 And offer Thee relief.
 See, even Thy apostles fail
 A faithful watch to keep,
 And in the midst of Thy distress,
 They close their eyes in sleep.

And then the pain of that dread hour,
Which forced Thee thus to pray:
"O Father, if 'tis possible,
Let this cup pass away."
Yet in this sacrifice still meek,
Thy love enduring won:
Thou didst accept Thy Father's will,
"Not mine, but Thine be done."

In grief so great, Thy Blood gushed forth,
And ran from every pore.
O sinful men, has one e'er heard
Of such great love before?
Deserted by His earthly friends
The angels came to bring
Some comfort to the breaking Heart
Of Christ, their Heavenly King.

My Savior, when affliction comes,
When heavy cross I bear,
Let me recall Thy anguish then,
Let me recall Thy prayer.
Yes, Father, in all griefs, I beg,
Let me, like to Thy Son,
Pray as He did in agony,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

23—MY SOUL, WOULDST THOU SIN?

My Soul, wouldst thou sin? See thy Savior tied,
Bound fast to the pillar and bending low;
No word of complaint from His lips is heard;
He meekly receives every cruel blow.
The Jews, filled with hate and with angry rage,
So often each deep-wounding blow repeat;
Ye Angels of Heaven! See the Savior stands,
A Victim all bleeding from head to feet.

And why is it that my dear Savior bore
The anguish and pain of His wounds so great?
And why did He suffer without a moan
The insults and blows of His enemies' hate?
O, yes, 'twas for me that my Savior bled;
And me to redeem that He suffered pain.
O, grant, dearest Savior, that nothing may part
My poor wretched soul from my God again.

24—MY JESUS CROWNED

My Jesus, crowned with cruel thorns,
I humbly bend my knee,
Not as the Jews, but in full faith
That 'tis my God I see.
Though mocked, insulted, spat upon,
Despised by rabble vile,
In faith still true, I know Thou art
My God, my King the while.

Within Thy blessed hands they place
A worthless broken reed,
And of Thy glory infinite
Make mockery indeed.
Around Thy wounded, bleeding flesh
A purple rag they throw;
O Jesus, Jesus, King of Heaven,
Why let them treat Thee so?

They cannot stand before the gaze
Of Thy all-seeing eye,
A cloth around Thy Sacred Head,
They insolently tie.
And blow on blow then follows fast,
They spit into Thy face.
Ah, Lord, why hast Thou suffered so
For an ungrateful race?

All, all for me, a wretch, indeed,
My Savior meekly bore.
And shall I ever sin again?
No, never, never more.
When tempted I shall then recall
The price my Savior paid,
That in His Blood He might redeem
My soul which He has made.

25—WHEN CHRIST UPON THE STREETS AP-
PEARED

When Christ upon the streets appeared,
A crown of thorns He wore,
Though weak from blows and loss of blood,
His heavy cross He bore.
He fell, and strove in vain to rise
Beneath His heavy load,
The rabble dragged Him to His feet
And forced Him on the road.

Ah, what a sight for Mary's eyes,
When, she beheld her Son,
All bleeding, fainting, crowned with thorns,
Despised—as He passed on.
He saw her hands outstretched to Him
In vain to give relief;
Who could have measured then the depths
Of Christ's and Mary's grief.

But fearing that upon the way
Their victim meek would die,
The rabble forced to share His load,
A stranger passing by.
Veronica, in pity moved,
Knelt at His blessed feet,
The tears and blood wiped from His face,
So saddened, yet so sweet.

Thus fainting, falling, Jesus came
Unto the hill at last,
Where stripped and thrown upon the cross,
With nails they made Him fast.
The cruel Jews then took the cross
And lifted it on high,
Then left our blessed Savior there
In anguish great to die.

Dear Lord, I know 'twas for my sake,
It was that I might live
That on the Mount of Sacrifice,
Thou didst Thy lifeblood give.
Let not Thy passion be in vain,
Nor vain Thy death for me—
I pray Thee, let me suffer, too,
And die and rise with Thee.

26—CLOSE WHERE MY SAVIOR'S DYING

Close where my Savior's dying
 Upon the dreadful tree,
 I pray that as I linger,
 His Blood flow down on me.
 I'm sinful, sorely tempted,
 I need its cleansing flood,
 Then wash me, dearest Jesus,
 In Thy all Precious Blood.

I see in tearful pity
 Thy wounds and racking pain;
 'Twas I, Lord, made Thee suffer,
 Let me not sin again.
 I'll hide my head in anguish,
 Upon Thy sacred breast,
 Then, Jesus, dying with Thee,
 I shall find peace and rest.

27—I CAN SCARCELY SEE THEE, JESUS

I can scarcely see Thee, Jesus,
 For the tears that fill my eyes,
 When I know on Calvary hanging,
 My dear Savior for me dies,
 Ah, why not the victim changing,
 Why not I, the sinner, bleed?
 Mine the sin, my dearest Savior,
 Mine, yes mine, the wicked deed.

Gazing on Thy cross so lowly,
 I see there Thy Hands and Feet,
 Torn by cruel nails and bleeding,
 Who could Jesus so mistreat?
 Whence the thorns Thy Head encircling,
 Whence the spear that pierced Thy Side?
 All one bleeding wound the Body
 Of my Jesus crucified.

All my sins have made me guilty
 Of the torments Thou didst bear,
 Let my love and service henceforth
 All my wicked life repair.
 In Thy death my hopes reposing.
 On Thy love my soul relies—
 Let me suffer with Thee, Jesus,
 That with Thee I may arise.

28—I SEE THEE PROSTRATE

I see Thee prostrate in the garden,
 Covered with a bloody sweat;
 O dearest Savior, why this suffering,
 All for me, a sinner yet?
 Dear Lord, I know I've been a traitor:
 For my sins, dear Savior mine,
 I'll weep, and may my tears of sorrow
 Mingled be with those of Thine.

I see Thee, Christ, mid cruel soldiers,
 Dragged and mocked and spat upon,
 All scourged and beaten, O ye Angels,
 Legions bright, where had ye gone?
 It was my sins that scourged and crowned Thee,
 Mocked, insulted, beat Thee sore;
 O make me hate all sin, and grant me
 Never to offend Thee more.

I see Thee die in cruel torments,
 Victim slain, 'twixt earth and sky,
 And from Thy side the Blood and Water
 Flowing from Thy wounds on high.
 I hear Thy prayer, "Forgive them, Father,
 For they know not what they do."
 That gives me hope and consolation:
 It was uttered for me, too.

O Gentle Savior, all I hope for,
 All the blessings I expect,
 The hope of pardon, grace all-aiding,
 Light of Heav'n with the elect,
 All, all I hope for through Thy Passion,
 Lord, Thou hast for sinners died;
 My hope will never be confounded,
 Lord, in Thee I shall confide.

29—CHRIST, IN THY SORROWS

Christ, in Thy sorrows let me have a share,
 Mine, Lord, should be the crown that Thou dost wear,
 Why faint in weakness 'neath that cross of Thine?
 Dear Lord, the weight and shame should all be mine.

Dear Lord, why dost Thou die in agony,
 Hanging on high upon that dreadful tree?
 'Tis I should suffer, 'tis my heart should sigh:
 It was Thy love that led Thee, Lord, to die.

My soul, it was thy sins that crucified
 Thy Savior who for love of mankind died.
 Ah, flee from evil and from sin depart,
 Safe refuge seek within Christ's Sacred Heart.

30—JESUS, 'GAINST THY CROSS

Jesus, 'gainst Thy Cross, there let me rest,
 Sinful, penitent, I love Thee best.
 Let Thy Blood from guilt my soul set free,
 Turn Thy pitying gaze, dear Lord, on me.
 I am weak, then strength unto me give:
 Savior, in Thy love, pray, let me live.

Far beyond the clouds on Calvary's height,
 I see Easter morn's all radiant light;
 'Tis the light of Heaven's unending day,
 Grant it may be mine, dear Lord, I pray,
 Mine with Thee to dwell and Thee adore,
 Thee to love with Saints forevermore.

31—MY CRUCIFIX

When I behold my crucifix,
 A wondrous story it reveals
 Of the great love for us that Christ
 Within His Sacred Heart conceals.
 His holy lips do not suffice
 His yearning love for man to show;
 His love to tell, from out His wounds
 He caused His Precious Blood to flow.

My Cross a lesson teaches still
 With Christ, my Savior, thereon fast,
 That I in life my heavy Cross
 Should bear in patience to the last.
 The crown of thorns and cross must come
 In tears and grief and sorrow sore,
 Yet all in patience I should bear,
 As Christ His Cross in patience bore.

Then I must love my crucifix,
 Oft press it closely to my breast,
 And when the demon tempts my soul,
 My eyes upon it then will rest.
 And if I falter or am weak,
 I then shall look on Jesus' face:
 My Savior from His throne above
 Will strengthen my poor soul with grace.

32—IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS

In the shadow of the Cross I'm standing,
 Merged in sorrows as by clouds of night,
 Naught I see except to Thee I turn me,
 Lord, to Thee I look for help and light.
 As I see Thy face so agonizing,
 And behold Thy tears in pity fall,
 Great indeed I see were all Thy sorrows,
 Mine, my dearest Lord, are very small.

Why should I, a guilty sinner, murmur,
 All my courage lose, and selfish grow,
 For Thy cross was far the greater burden,
 And the one I bear is light, I know.
 Ah, my Savior, meek and uncomplaining,
 Give me of Thy patience, make me meek,
 Give me strength in trial and temptation,
 All Thy help I need for I am weak.

Yes, dear Lord, I'm weak and hesitating,
 Oft to sin does my poor heart incline;
 When I'm tried, I'd fail just like a coward,
 But I look into Thy face divine;
 There I see Thy sufferings all depicted,
 In Thy face I see Thy agony;
 When I know that pain was all for sinners,
 Dearest Lord, I can't abandon Thee.

Keep me then within this shadow standing,
 Of the cross whereon my Savior died,
 Though the clouds of sorrows may surround me,
 I shall be encouraged at Thy side.
 For I know that Easter glory cometh
 With its blessed immortality;
 If I suffer then, for so Thou willest,
 Grant me, too, dear Lord, to reign with Thee.

33—FOR THREE LONG HOURS

For three long hours in agony
 My Savior crucified
 Hung on the Cross of Calvary,
 His Mother by His side;
 It was for me He suffered pain
 And death that I might live;
 Can I refuse Him anything,
 When all to me He gave?

His hands and feet and wounded side
 And thorn-crowned head, whence streamed
 The Precious Blood of Christ my Lord,
 Have my poor soul redeemed;
 My King a royal ransom paid
 For me, a slave indeed,
 This mighty Conqueror has by death
 My soul from slavery freed.

And now ennobled by Thy Blood,
 A prince of Heaven made,
 Shall I betray my King by sin,
 This dignity degrade?
 Ah, Jesus, keep me true to Thee
 And loyal to the end,
 Until in Heaven Thou dost reward
 Thy child redeemed and friend.

34—THE FOURTEEN STATIONS OF THE CROSS

I—Jesus is condemned to death.

Jesus, Savior, Judge eternal,
 On the Cross condemned to die,
 Thou art God all great and holy,
 Vile and guilty sinner, I. My Jesus, mercy, mercy.

II—Jesus carries His Cross.

O, my Jesus, weak and wounded,
 Taking up Thy Cross for me,
 Teach me to accept my trials,
 Bearing all to follow Thee. *My Jesus, etc.*

III—Jesus falls the first time under His Cross.

Jesus, with Thy Cross so heavy,
 Thou didst fall beneath its weight:
 For my sins Thou wast so burdened,
 Grant me grace all sin to hate. *My Jesus, etc.*

IV—Jesus meets His afflicted Mother.

Mary, Mother, grieving sorely
 When thy Jesus came in sight,
 Pray for grace that never sinning,
 I may lead my life aright. *My Jesus, etc.*

V—Simon of Cyrene helps Jesus to carry His Cross.

Forced to help Thee was a stranger,
Lest Thou die upon the way:
Jesus, I am Thy disciple,
Make me love Thy Cross, I pray. *My Jesus, etc.*

VI—Veronica wipes the face of Jesus.

Midst the women there attending,
One there was to cleanse Thy face:
Jesus, cleanse my soul so sinful,
Beautify it with Thy grace. *My Jesus, etc.*

VII—Jesus falls the second time.

Jesus, weak and weaker growing,
Thou didst fall the second time:
Give me strength until in Heaven
I may sing Thy praise sublime. *My Jesus, etc.*

VIII—Jesus consoles the women of Jerusalem.

Jesus, kind unto the women,
Who with Thee did then condole:
Speak Thy words of tender comfort
To my weary, weakened soul. *My Jesus, etc.*

IX—Jesus falls the third time.

Clinging to Thy Cross, exhausted,
Thrice in weakness didst Thou fall:
When I falter, hear me, Jesus,
Let me press my crosses all. *My Jesus, etc.*

X—Jesus is stripped of His garments.

In the stripping of Thy garments,
Thou didst suffer pain intense:
From my soul strip all affection
That may give Thee, Lord, offense. *My Jesus, etc.*

XI—Jesus is nailed to the Cross.

Blow on blow of cruel hammers
To Thy Cross then made Thee fast:
All my sins were still more cruel;
Lord, forgive my sinful past. *My Jesus, etc.*

XII—Jesus dies on the Cross.

On the cross my Savior dying,
See me at Thy blessed feet:
May I die with Thee in friendship,
Hear me, Lord, I now entreat. *My Jesus, etc.*

XIII—Jesus is taken down from the Cross.

Mary, Mother, now receiving
 Jesus' Body, cold in death:
 In His arms and Thine, too, Mother,
 May I breathe my dying breath. *My Jesus, etc.*

XIV—Jesus is placed in the sepulchre.

Jesus in the tomb thus buried,
 From its depths Thou didst arise:
 Grant one day that Heaven's glory
 May be my eternal prize. *My Jesus, etc.*

35—IN MY SAVIOR'S RESURRECTION

In my Savior's resurrection
 There my fondest hope all lies,
 When my life on earth is ended,
 I immortal shall arise:
 That, when sounds the Angel's trumpet,
 Soul and body will unite,
 Passing then, to Heaven's glory,
 Both will share its blessed light.

Happy Easter anthems singing,
 Let me raise my humble voice,
 For my Savior is arisen,
 My whole being must rejoice.
 Loud my hymns of praise repeating
 For my Savior's victory,
 Alleluia, Jesus' glory
 By His grace belongs to me.

Like my Savior in His passion,
 Let me meekly bear my cross,
 Sorrows, too, and dire affliction,
 Let me suffer any loss,
 So that to my Savior clinging,
 Grace all His my soul may save,
 In the glory of His rising,
 Winning victory o'er the grave.
 Happy Easter anthems, etc.

36—CHRIST TO HEAVEN IN JOY ASCENDING

Christ to Heaven in joy ascending
 Saints and Angels all proclaim,
 Honor, glory, praise unending
 Be forever to His Name.
 'Twas His Blood on Calvary flowing
 That was our redemption's price,
 Grace on grace to us bestowing,
 Opened to us Paradise.

Clothed in glory all resplendent,
 Jesus rose from earth to sky,
 Angels bright with Him ascendant,
 Sang their hymns of praise on high.
 His disciples there beholding,
 Saw Him in His glory rise
 Till bright clouds His form enfolding,
 Hid Him from their wondering eyes.

All ye angel choirs of Heaven
 Join with us in happy song;
 Let our praise and thanks be given,
 Our hosannas loud prolong,
 Unto Christ who gave to mortals,
 In this wondrous mystery,
 Hope to enter Heaven's portals,
 There to rest eternally.

37—NOW WITHIN MY SINFUL BREAST

Now within my sinful breast
 Jesus' Blood and Body rest,
 Heaven's King is now my guest,
 And my soul is Paradise.
 Ah, my soul, how can it be
 That my God should come to me?
 'Twas His Blood that purchased Thee,
 Every precious drop the price.

Jesus, ever live within,
 Strengthen me by grace to win,
 In my fight against all sin,
 For Thy sake, dear Savior mine.
 Thy abiding now with me,
 Gives me hope to rise with Thee
 In a blest eternity,
 Glorious Jesus, King divine.

38—CHRIST ON OUR ALTARS

Christ on our altar by Angels attended,
 Veiled 'neath the species, Thy glory concealed,
 Prostrate, adoring, we kneel here before Thee,
 Know Thou art present, as faith has revealed.
 Yes, dearest Jesus, all loving, consoling,
 Food of our souls, herein, Christ, Thou dost dwell.
 Infinite mercy and treasure of sweetness,
 No one but Jesus could love us so well.

What more in Heaven have the Saints and the Angels
 Than here on earth we poor mortals possess?
 They have the Godhead His glory revealing,
 God, too, here present by faith we confess.
 Eyes do not see Thee, yet herein Thou dwellest,
 Really and truly the same as above,
 Angels adoring in hosts without number,
 Wait on Thy Majesty, Prisoner of love.

Lord, as in Heaven the Angels attend Thee,
 And all the Saints Thy just praises intone,
 So, dearest Jesus, let us be the angels
 Ever assisting at this humble throne.
 And let our voices in praises be lifted,
 As now in Heaven the Saints ever do,
 Till, dearest Jesus, in unceasing chorus,
 We shall in Heaven sing Thy praises too.

39—DEAR LORD ON OUR ALTAR

Dear Lord on our altar enthroned
 Mid flowers and gleaming of light,
 And lovingly thereon adored
 By legions of Angels all bright,
 'Tis now with great trembling and fear,
 I come to Thine own blessed feet.
 And humbly adoring my God,
 This prayer I desire to repeat:

Thou art my God, my Lord, my King.
 Jesus in the Eucharist!
 I love Thee, more than anything,
 Jesus in the Eucharist.
 Above my life, all dear to me,
 Beyond all else, yes, I love Thee,
 Be Thou my King eternally,
 Jesus in the Eucharist.

Dear Lord on our Altar enthroned,
 Look down in Thy mercy on me,
 I pray as the beggar of old,
 Have mercy and grant I may see.
 The veils of the Sacrament passed,
 In Heav'n by Thy love and Thy grace,
 In transport of joy may I see
 Thy beauty, dear Lord, face to face.
 Thou art my God, etc.

40—GREAT KING IN HEAVEN ADORED

Great King in Heav'n adored
 By Saints and Angel choirs,
 Thy Presence here, dear Lord,
 With song my soul inspires.
 How dost Thou condescend
 With us, dear Lord, to dwell,
 No man can comprehend,
 Nor can the Angels tell—

Dear Lord in this Sacrament holy,
 With angelic hosts we unite
 To praise and to love and adore Thee,
 All prostrate and meek in Thy sight.
 Our faith tells us Thou art here present,
 Our hearts with Thy love are aflame,
 Thine own Heart with love is all burning,
 Enkindle our own with the same.

Great King, Thy Flesh and Blood
 Are here we do believe,
 How can unworthy we
 Thy Body then receive?
 Our sinful souls all pure
 Thy grace and love must make;
 Then at Thine own command,
 This Food we shall partake.

41—BEHIND THE TABERNACLE VEILS

Behind the tabernacle veils,
 Attended by the Angels only,
 One little light His Presence shows,
 Emmanuel dwells, our Jesus, lonely.
 All through the din of daily life,
 All through the night, therein He's dwelling,
 His plaint of unrequited love
 To thankless children He is telling:

Couldst thou not watch one hour with me,
 To satisfy my love all burning?
 I died for thee; hast thou no love,
 Or gratitude to me returning?
 Come, let me bless thee in thy gladness,
 Come, let me soothe thee in thy sadness,
 My heart all gifts is gladly giving,
 I'm thy Redeemer ever living,
 Couldst thou not watch with me?

Our Lord here on our altar rests
 Mid hosts angelic round Him thronging
 For love of us to end of time
 His faithful vigil there prolonging—
 He calls us to His altar-throne,
 Our hearts thereto His love is leading,
 Ungrateful we, should we not heed
 Our blessed Savior's gentle pleading.
 Couldst thou, etc.

42—COME, LET US SING THE PRAISES

Come, let us sing the praises
 Of Christ Emmanuel,
 For on our altar resting
 Our Jesus deigns to dwell,
 Within the Eucharist hidden
 Mid flowers and gleam of light,
 Attended by the Angels
 Adoring in His sight.

O Sacrament most holy, O Sacrament divine,
 All praise and all thanksgiving be every moment
 Thine.

'Tis love 'for us that keeps Him
 Upon our altar there:
 He comes to bring us graces,
 To hear our every prayer.
 He is our King, our Brother,
 Our God, and yet our Guest,
 Our Savior and Redeemer,
 Of all our friends the best.

O Sacrament most holy, etc.

He's come to be our Banquet,
 To be our Heavenly Food,
 To feed us with His Body
 And with His Precious Blood.
 Then mid the choirs of Angels,
 Who at His throne attend,
 Let us in faith receive Him,
 Our Jesus, God and Friend.
 O Sacrament most holy, etc.

43—ANGELS GUARDIAN

Angels guardian, round our altar
 Clustering hosts, revering bands,
 All adoring Christ there hidden,
 And fulfilling His commands.
 When we enter God's own temple,
 Fill us with a holy fear,
 Mindful ever who is present,
 'Tis our Savior who is here.
 Help lest by vain thoughts distracted,
 His Real Presence we offend:
 Carry to His Heart each message,
 That in prayer we wish to send,
 At His feet lay our petitions,
 Tell Him that we love Him best.
 Then return and bring us blessings
 From our Eucharistic guest.
 Each heart, too, the tabernacle
 Of our Savior God must be,
 With His Flesh and Blood partaken
 In the Holy Mystery.
 Let us then with Angels mingle,
 And our Savior's praises sing,
 All-revering, all-adoring,
 Christ, our Eucharistic King.

44—YE ANGELS

Ye Angels of the Eucharist holy,
 'Round our altars watching in love,
 Although our tabernacle be lowly
 Christ rests here, our God from above,
 His holy Presence never offending,
 Let's unite and with you adore,
 In adoration rev'rently bending,
 May we love Him more, ever more.

Dear Christ, see at Thy altar here kneeling,
 Poor weak souls deceived oft by sin,
 Now by Thy grace for pardon appealing
 To their Savior resting herein.
 Ah, Jesus, in the Eucharist, hear us,
 Be our Feast and heavenly Guest,
 Be Thou our Friend, and keep ever near us,
 Till in Heaven with Thee we may rest.

45—ALREADY, DEAR CHRISTIANS

Already, dear Christians, the great joys of Heaven
 Are ours here on earth, as by Faith we declare,
 For God, the almighty and infinite Father,
 Enthroned in His glory and power dwelleth there.
 So, too, here enthroned lives our Lord on our altars,
 Divinity dwells with us great as above,
 For His holy Presence we humbly acknowledge,
 Tho' hidden, 'tis true, in the mystery of love.

In nature unchanging, in glory, in power,
 Co-equal with Father and Spirit likewise,
 Our Jesus dwells with us in Sacrament holy,
 Tho' hidden 'neath species to all human eyes.
 "For this is my Body and this is my Blood," said He,
 At the last Supper o'er bread and o'er wine,
 And that very moment each substance so lowly
 Was changed to the Body and Blood all divine.

And so in the Mass, on our altars said daily,
 Christ comes 'neath the species, our Heavenly Feast:
 The words of our Savior, "This do ye in memory,"
 Confer this same power upon every priest.
 Our Jesus then lives here in true and real presence,
 His beauty and majesty hidden, not lost;
 It is the same Jesus who is in the Heavens,
 Forever adored by the Angelic host.

Then, Christians, in faith and in love let us gather,
 In God's holy temple around Jesus' throne;
 The little red lamp that we see ever burning,
 Tells us of His presence so often alone.
 Our dear Blessed Savior would have us poor mortals,
 The duties of Angels on earth here fulfill
 Adoring Him, loving Him, singing His praises,
 As one day with Saints and with Angels we will.

46—TAKE YE AND EAT

"Take ye and eat," "drink ye of this,"
 These were my Lord's commands,
 When on the night before He died,
 Within His blessed hands
 The bread and wine He took and blest,
 And by His power divine,
 Into His Body changed the bread,
 Into His Blood, the wine.

The figure, color, taste remained,
 But Christ cannot deceive,
 The substance by His power was changed
 By faith we do believe.
 Our food then is Christ's Body that
 Upon the Cross hung dead,
 Our drink indeed His Precious Blood
 Upon Mount Calvary shed.

Let us adore the tender love
 Of Christ, our Savior when
 He gave His Body and His Blood
 To be the Food of men.
 His precept, too, let us fulfill,
 And do what Christ has said
 With souls by grace all justified,
 Receive Christ's Daily Bread.

47—DEAR LORD, THOU HAST TAUGHT US

Dear Lord, Thou hast taught us to pray,
 Thy words are consoling and sweet:
 Thus praying, Thou canst not refuse,
 For Thy very words we repeat.
 With souls then in reverence bowed,
 We offer Thee all our desires,
 We know Thou wilt hear the appeal
 Which hope in Thy promise inspires.

"Give us this day our Daily Bread,"
 Its grace and strength we need:
 Without Thy Body and Thy Blood,
 We would be weak indeed.
 Grant at each morning's Sacrifice,
 Our souls all cleansed from sin,
 That Thou wilt come into our hearts
 And reign as King within.

Indeed, Lord, we know it is true
 That sinners unworthy are we,
 Not even the Angels of Heaven
 Could worthily entertain Thee.
 Yet 'twas not for Angels but men
 This Mystery of love Thou didst give,
 Let grace then our hearts purify
 That we may receive Thee and live.

48—MY DEAREST SAVIOR

My dearest Savior, in Thy Heart
 My wretched soul conceal;
 I need Its life, I need Its warmth,
 Do Thou my misery heal.
 Thy Heart with burning fire aflame,
 Of Thy great love divine,
 Will purify and will renew
 This wretched heart of mine.

I know within that Sacred Wound,
 Secure and safe I'll be;
 When to Thy Father Thou wilt plead,
 Thou wilt then think of me.
 All Thy desires then mine will be,
 Thy strength, mine, to fulfill
 The every wish of Thy dear Heart
 According to Thy will.

I, too, shall live the very life
 That my good Master lives;
 I shall be quickened by each throb
 Thy Heart each moment gives.
 Yes, in Thy Heart, all safe I'll be
 Until absorbed in love,
 My happy soul, dear Lord, takes flight
 To Heaven with Thee above.

49—O DEAREST LORD

O dearest Lord, I wish to rest,
 As dear St. John upon Thy breast,
 And looking up into Thine eyes,
 Just tell Thee all the love that lies
 Within my heart, not great like Thine,
 Yet all for Thee, my King divine,
 Jesus, dear Savior mine.

How sweet, dear Lord, in Thy embrace
 To gaze into Thy tender face,
 And see it with Thy love aglow,
 And feel Thy Heart beat soft and low!
 Had ever earthly king a throne
 As glorious as this, my own,
 Jesus, dear Savior mine.

'Tis Heaven thus to be with Thee,
 Though only now through faith we see,
 'Tis Heaven thus with Thee to die
 And in Thine arms breathe my last sigh
 Thus grant my mortal life to cease,
 And let me wake in Heaven's peace,
 Jesus, dear Savior mine.

50—DEAR HEART OF CHRIST

Dear Heart of Christ, dear Heart the best,
 Within Thy Wound there let me rest:
 I need Thy strength, I need Thy love,
 Then grant my soul grace from above;
 I'm worthless, yet dear Lord, I know
 For me Thou didst to Calvary go,
 And hence my hopes in Thee all lie,
 'Tis for a friend a friend will die.

Whilst fastened to the cross, Lord dear,
 Thy Heart was pierced by cruel spear,
 And Blood and Water from Thy side
 At once flowed down in saving tide;
 Thy love so oft in life confessed,
 Thus in Thy death must be expressed,
 That love so tender, loyal, true,
 For all mankind and sinners, too.

Dear Lord, in life I wish to know
 And love and serve Thee here below,
 So that in Heaven I may sing
 Thy praises, Christ, my heavenly King.
 With Saints and Angels without end,
 To praise Thee, Savior and my Friend.
 Lord, help me, bless me until then,
 Such is my fervent prayer, Amen.

51—O THE SWEETEST HEART OF JESUS

O the sweetest Heart of Jesus!
 O the Heart that loves us best!
 Open wide Thy wound so sacred,
 And within it let me rest.
 I am tried and sorely tempted,
 By the sins and snares of life;
 Keep me, Lord, within that refuge,
 Keep me safe amid the strife.

O the sweetest Heart of Jesus,
 Hidden on our altars fair!
 Angels, bright-robed, ever tending,
 Keep their faithful vigil there.
 Angels, bear to Him my message,
 Take it to my heavenly King,
 Take the message that I love Him,
 Love Him more than anything.

Sweetest Heart of my dear Savior,
 How I love Thee none can tell,
 Always wishing to be near Thee,
 In Thy depths I long to dwell.
 Where Thy Sacred Blood might wash me,
 Cleanse all stain of sin away;
 How I long to die and see Thee,
 In the light of Heaven's day.

52—O THE HEART

O the Heart of my dear Savior,
 Opened by the spear for me,
 In Thy wound around me closing,
 Hide me in my misery.
 I am weary, wounded, fainting,
 Seeking shelter from all sin,
 Open wide Thy blessed portals,
 Let me rest secure within.

O the Heart of my dear Savior,
 How I long to be at rest,
 In that haven of the blessed,
 Hidden in Thy sacred breast.
 Then, indeed, I'd truly love Thee,
 With Thy own consuming fire,
 Hasten, then, dear Heart, to grant me
 This, my hope and my desire.

53—DEAR SACRED HEART

Dear Sacred Heart! Dear Heart Divine!
 Come with Thy grace and rest in mine,
 I need the warmth of Thy great love,
 Then, sweetest Heart, come from above,
 Come with Thy fire and with the same,
 My heart entire, do Thou inflame,
 And purge from it all stain of sin,
 Then dwell, dear Heart, alone within.
 Dear Heart of Christ, I do implore,
 O, make me love Thee more and more.

Dear Heart of Christ! Dear Heart Divine!
 'Neath symbols hidd'n of bread and wine,
 Around Thy throne at Thy command,
 Angelic hosts adoring stand.
 Amid this throng in fear I steal,
 And trembling at Thy feet I kneel:
 Encouraged by Thy love I dare
 To offer Thee this simple prayer.
 Dear Heart, etc.

O Sacred Heart, Thy love I need,
 And every thought and word and deed,
 My heart, my soul and all I own,
 I consecrate to Thee alone.
 Yes, all my joys and all my tears,
 All that I do, and all my years,
 I offer Thee, and my last sigh,
 Dear Heart, I'm Thine until I die.
 Dear Heart, etc.

54—I LOVE THEE, HEART OF JESUS

I love Thee, Heart of Jesus,
 My love I cannot tell,
 It finds such deep abiding,
 Oh, Lord, Thou know'st it well.
 It is my life, O Jesus,
 My heartbeat until death,
 Grant that I may so tell Thee
 When breathing my last breath.

I love Thee, Heart of Jesus,
 Would I could love Thee more,
 Just as Thy blessed Mother,
 Who loved the God she bore.
 Would that my heart were burning
 With pure seraphic fire,
 For I would be, dear Jesus,
 All Thine, whole and entire.

Dear Christ, in joy or sorrow,
 Reclining on Thy breast,
 So keep me ever near Thee,
 In Thy embraces pressed.
 And thus till death remaining,
 My soul absorbed in love,
 Thou canst, dear Jesus, take me
 Unto Thy Home above.

55—I SEE BEFORE MY WONDERING EYES

I see before my wondering eyes
 The Heart of Jesus crucified,
 'Tis all ablaze with glorious light,
 Crowned with the Cross on which He died.
 There, too, the thorns and there the wound
 Whence flowing gently still, I see
 The precious Blood of Christ that flowed
 Upon the hill of Calvary.

Ah, Lord, those thorns, that wound, that Cross,
 They tell the story of our sin;
 But yet o'er all the fire prevails
 Of Thy great love for us within.
 Dear Lord, so may our love for Thee
 Prevail o'er cross and sorrow sore,
 Just loving Thee and Thee alone,
 Till victory's won, the battle o'er.

56—HEART OF MY DEAR SAVIOR

Heart of my dear Savior sighing,
 Sighing with Thy love for me,
 Heart of my dear Savior dying,
 Dying in great agony.
 Nigh to Thy Cross I am kneeling,
 Hear, then, dear Heart, my appealing,
 And in Thy wound safe concealing,
 Keep me forever with Thee.

Heart of my Savior in Heaven,
 Glory and joy of the blest,
 Grant that my sins all forgiven,
 There I shall find peace and rest.
 Parting and pain then known never,
 Sin can my heart no more sever,
 Loving Thee only forever,
 I shall be Thy happy guest.

57—O THE STRENGTH OF THE HEART OF OUR LORD

O the strength of the Heart of our Lord!
 And the courage that never once failed!
 In all trial so brave and so true
 When by wrath of the wicked assailed.
 Neither prince nor the proud potentate,
 Neither scorn nor the scourge and the blow,
 Nor the thorns nor the cross, even death,
 Could diminish its love's fervent glow.

All these years Thou hast been the great strength
 Of Thy martyrs in torments and pain,
 Who as soldiers of Thine shed their blood
 That in Heaven with Thee they might reign.
 So, too, Christ, Thy confessors have lived,
 Braving hardships and trials for Thee;
 'Twas Thy Heart gave them courage and help,
 Do Thou grant me the same victory.

My Redeemer, I wish so to live,
 E'er fulfilling Thy all holy laws,
 That I may by Thy grace ever be
 A true soldier in my Savior's cause,
 Nothing daunted by Satan and sin,
 Fighting ever for Thee, my dear Lord,
 With Thy cross as the standard for me,
 And in Heav'n Thou wilt be my reward.

58—DEAR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART

Dear Lady of the Sacred Heart,
 In beauty all transcending,
 Beyond all creatures close Thou art
 At Jesus' side attending.
 Thy wish He knows, Thy prayer He hears
 When Thou art interceding;
 A sinner at Thy feet appears,
 Ah, Mother, hear my pleading.

I need Christ's love, I need His grace,
 I need His every blessing,
 Then help me, Mother of our race,
 The power now confessing.
 The Sacred Heart will list to Thee,
 All loving and all willing,
 Thy every wish and prayer for me
 In filial love fulfilling.

Queen of the Sacred Heart all sweet,
 Christ's Mother Mary tender,
 Adoring at His blessed feet,
 My homage now I render.
 May He give strength, my Lord divine,
 And grant His love controlling,
 And help me, too, dear Mother mine,
 My anxious soul consoling.

59—I'VE A MESSAGE

I've a message I wish sent to Heaven,
 To the great and glorious throne
 Of the beautiful Queen of the Angels,
 At her altar I kneel here alone.
 And this message I know not who'll take it
 And just place it at her blessed feet—
 I can speak to her beautiful image
 And this message of love I'll repeat:

Dear Mother of Christ, how I love Thee,
 Dear Mother of Jesus, all fair!
 To gaze on Thy face I pray grant me,
 And see Jesus' own pictured there—
 To hear all the choirs of the Angels
 In harmonies sweetly intone
 The thrice holy Name of our Jesus.
 And also, dear Mother, Thine own.

Still right close to my blest Mother's image,
 Her dear Son's precious Body e'er rests
 In the Sacrament hid on the altar,
 There receiving our humble requests.
 I'll go tell Him my message, 'twill please Him,
 For He knows it is all for His sake,
 That I love His dear Mother so holy,
 Of whose Flesh He did deign to partake.

60—O HOW I LOVE MY MOTHER MARY!

O how I love my Mother Mary,
 She's Jesus' Mother and my own,
 All beautiful, all pure, all holy,
 And after Christ she stands alone,
 Excelling every other creature,
 Of earth and Heav'n most beautiful Queen,
 No, there is no one like to Mary,
 The fairest Heaven or earth has seen.

Look on the dear, sweet face of Jesus,
 Gaze long into His tender eyes,
 That face, those eyes are like His Mother's
 For how could it be otherwise?
 Then as I love my Savior, Jesus,
 So I must love His Mother, too;
 Ah, Mother Mary, kindly hear me,
 And teach me, help me what to do.

Then when my feet begin to wander,
 And when my soul desires to stray,
 When from the love of Thee and Jesus,
 Sin strives to steal my heart away,
 Then, Mary, 'neath Thy mantle hide me,
 Preserve me from the tempter's snare,
 Thou art all strong, the tempter fears Thee,
 I know secure I shall be there.

61—O MARY CONCEIVED WITHOUT SPOT

O Mary conceived without spot, without stain,
 Sweet Mother of Jesus, our King,
 We hail Thee, our Mother, our Mistress and Queen,
 Thy virtues and praises we sing.
 At Thy blessed feet now we kneel and we pray
 That from sin's defilement and stain,
 Our poor weakened souls by Thy power be kept free,
 Let not then our pleading be vain.

CHORUS:

Dearest Queen of the Angels,
 Hail bright Star of the sea,
 Mary Mother, Thy children
 Humbly call upon Thee;
 Let not sin and temptation
 Our poor, weak souls betray,
 Dearest Lady, then hear us,
 Save us, Mother, we pray.

Too far have we strayed from the love of our God,
 Sweet Lady, we humbly confess,
 And quickly we found that the goods of this world
 Brought nothing but pain and distress.
 Now, Mother, give heed to the penitents' prayer,
 Thy gracious consent do accord,
 And teach us to love the unchangeable Good,
 Christ Jesus, Thy Son and our Lord.

62—O MARY, QUEEN IMMACULATE

O Mary, Queen Immaculate,
 Sweet Mother, purest Maid,
 Crowned with Thy starry diadem
 And with the sun arrayed.
 And at Thy feet the silvery moon
 In beauty sheds its light,
 What wonder that the Angels all
 Are ravished at Thy sight.
 Bright vision of our Heavenly home,
 With beauty none else hath,
 Shed beams of light from Heaven high,
 Illume our darkened path.
 O Queen, arrayed in splendor rare,
 When this exile is done,
 Grant that we see Thee standing near
 The throne of Thy dear Son.

63—DEAR VIRGIN QUEEN

Dear Virgin Queen and Mother pure,
 In beauty crowned, all spotless white,
 Hail, glorious Queen, surpassing fair,
 Resplendent in celestial light.
 We hail Thee, Queen and Mother, too,
 Thy potent aid we humbly crave;
 Canst Thou refuse to hear our cry,
 When Jesus died our souls to save?
 Ah, true it is that we have sinned,
 And merit naught but anger just;
 Yet wilt Thou not poor sinners hear?
 For 'tis in Thee we place our trust.
 No more we'll stray from duty's path,
 No more be led by wicked sin;
 Sweet Mother, open wide Thy arms,
 And keep us safe, secure within.

Dear Virgin Queen, bright shining Star,
 Let Thy pure light direct our way
 Amid the darkness of this life,
 To Heaven's glad eternal day,
 There to enjoy unending bliss
 That mortal mind has ne'er conceived,
 Prepared by God in Heaven for those
 Who have not seen, yet have believed.

64—VIRGIN MOTHER, QUEEN IN GLORY

Virgin Mother, Queen in glory,
 Crowned in Heaven by its King,
 All resplendent in Thy beauty,
 Angels pure Thy praises sing.
 Can we then poor mortals daring,
 Raise to Thee our sinful eyes?
 Virgin Mother, help our weakness;
 In Thy power our hope all lies.

Thou dost see we're sorely tempted,
 See at every step we fall;
 Bruised and torn by sin, and weary,
 Mother Mary, hear us call—
 Queen all dazzling white and holy,
 Christ Thy Son heeds Thy commands:
 Then for us in sweet entreaty,
 Lift in prayer Thy holy hands.

Queen, remember we're Thy children,
 Souls redeemed in Calvary's flood,
 Christ's co-heirs in sacred waters,
 Nourished by His precious Blood.
 True, we strayed, yet well we know it,
 Naught can tire a mother's love:
 Now repentant, sad returning,
 Pray, accept us, Queen above.

65—O MARY, QUEEN MOTHER

O Mary, Queen Mother, protectress benign,
 I dare call Thee Mother, for art Thou not Mine?
 Yes, Queen in all glory upon Heaven's throne,
 Thou art Jesus' Mother and also my own.

CHORUS :

Mary, hear Thy children calling,
 Calling Thee by title sweet,
 Save us, Mother, or we perish,
 Lead us to our Savior's feet.

O Mary, Queen Mother, on Thee I must call,
 Grant love and protection or else I shall fall;
 With Jesus as Brother I look up to Thee,
 As Thou wert to Jesus, be Mother to me.

O Mary, Queen Mother, send Angels, I pray,
 To guard and to guide me on life's stormy way,
 To carry my soul, when life's journey is done,
 To Heaven with Thee and with Jesus, Thy Son.

66—MARY, MOTHER, VISION BRIGHT

Mary, Mother, vision bright,
 Queen of Angels, Saints' delight,
 From Thy throne on Heaven's height,
 Hear our every prayer.
 Thou wert standing at His side,
 Near the cross when Jesus died,
 Then our souls He did confide,
 Mother, to Thy care.

Mary, Mother, Virgin pure,
 Let not sin our souls allure,
 Let God's grace in us endure,
 Keep us close to Thee.
 Guard us ever, spotless Dove,
 Sharing with us Jesus' love,
 Till with Him and Thee above,
 We may happy be.

Dearest Lady, by Thy might,
 Lest we stray, guide us aright,
 Till great Heaven's glorious light
 Opens to our eyes.
 When this weary life is done,
 Battles fought and victories won,
 May we from Thine own loved Son
 Win our heavenly prize.

67—FROM CRESTED WAVE

From crested wave and furrowed deep
 We lift our eyes to Thee,
 Thou beacon light to all distress'd,
 And bright Star of the sea.
 We're driven by the threatening gales
 And toss'd from wave to wave;
 Then, Mother, deign our prayers to hear,
 And from all dangers save.

We know in Heaven Thou art Queen,
 Attending near Thy Son,
 Thou needst but speak and He will hear,
 We know Thy will is done.
 Dear Lady, then, Thy blessed aid
 Unto each child accord;
 Remember that we are redeemed
 By Christ, Thy Son, our Lord.

We know this life is but a sea
 Of storm and withering gale;
 Thy love can bring us blessed peace,
 Thy pleading will prevail.
 O Mary, then, in trust we kneel,
 And pledge ourselves to Thee,
 Accept our trust in Jesus' name,
 Thou bright Star of the sea.

68—SWEETEST MUSIC

Sweetest music heard from Heaven
 Echoes from the lips so mild,
 Of the Mother as she calls Him,
 Jesus, her own blessed Child.
 See, He turns to meet His Mother,
 Joy beams on His lovely face,
 And in open arms receives her,
 Nestles in her fond embrace.

Even now in Heaven she calls Him,
 She is Queen and Mother there;
 As on earth so now He listens
 To her pleading and her prayer.
 Let us ask her intercession
 In temptation's anxious hour,
 She will beg her Child to aid us,
 She will save us by her power.

Mother, Mary, we're Thy children
 By our Savior's Precious Blood,
 Flowing from His side when opened
 As he hung on Calvary's wood.
 We are children all with Jesus,
 Sharing with Him Thy great love,
 Keep us, Mary, and protect us,
 Bring us to Thy throne above.

69—MOTHER OF OUR LORD

Mother of our Lord,
 Virgin pure and fair,
 Lend a willing ear
 To each suppliant's prayer.
 For we need Thy help,
 And Thy Mother's love,
 Aid us then, we pray,
 Queen of Heaven above.

Mother of our Lord,
 Maiden pure and bright,
 Keep us in Thy care,
 Guard us day and night.
 Teach us how to love
 Christ, our Lord, Thy Son,
 How to serve Him well,
 As Thyself hast done.

Mother of our Lord,
 When our end is nigh,
 With Thy Holy Son
 Take us when we die,
 Clasped within Thine arms,
 Breathe we our last breath,
 Help us then in life,
 Help us in our death.

70—MARY, OUR MOTHER

Mary, our Mother, Thy praises we sing,
 Mother of Jesus, our heavenly King,
 Jesus has blest Thee and made Thee most fair,
 Glorious Queen, who with Thee can compare?

Fairer than roses, than lilies more white,
 Dazzling in beauty, in glory all bright,
 Loveliest Queen of the heavenly host,
 Most holy spouse of the thrice Holy Ghost.

Praise to the Father and unto the Son
 And Holy Spirit, our God, Three in One,
 With all the Angels and Saints we proclaim
 Glory to God, and all praise to His Name.

71—AVE, MARIA!

Ave, Maria!
 How sweet the sound, and yet how far more sweet
 The Maiden, whom these words of Gabriel greet;
 And so for centuries, as on that day,
 All Mary's children reverently pray—
 At early dawn, at noon, when night draws nigh,
 Those aves blest ascend to Her on high,
 That day so long ago recalling, when
 The Savior was made flesh and lived with men.

Ave, Maria, O hail, full of grace,
 Ave, Maria, the Lord is with Thee,
 Ave, Maria, most blest of our race,
 Ave, thrice ave, Maria.

Ave, Maria!
 'Twas then the Virgin Mother Mary heard
 She was to be the Mother of the Word.
 The Angel spoke, the lowly Maid believed
 By power of the Holy Ghost conceived.
 For lo, the Son of God, all for our sake
 Of Mary's flesh and blood did then partake,
 And thus Redemption's first great act took place
 Within our blessed Mother, filled with grace.

72—HOW FAIR

How fair must be my Mother Mary blest,
 All fair because she is my Jesus' own.
 All fair, all lovely as none else can be,
 Because He made her for Himself alone;
 Far more resplendent than all Angels bright,
 Most beauteous being earth or Heaven has seen.
 No mind created ever can conceive
 The dazzling beauty of my heavenly Queen.

Long years ago, on Nazareth's golden hills,
 The Angels wondered at the Maiden rare,
 Adored the power of God that did create
 The Virgin pure and gloriously fair.
 "O who is She that comes as rising morn,"
 "Fair as the moon, bright as the sun of day,"
 "Most beauteous daughter of Jerusalem,"
 "Yet terrible as armies in array!"

Now if my Mother's spotless loveliness
 Can fill the hosts of Angels with surprise,
 What happiness awaits me then in Heaven,
 When Mary first appears unto my eyes!
 If such must be the beauty of my Queen,
 How greater far that of her Son divine.
 Ah, Mother Mary and my Jesus, too,
 I pray the sight of both one day be mine.

73—MARY, DEAR MOTHER

Mary, dear Mother, we call upon Thee,
 Cause of our joy in our sad exile here;
 Toss'd on the waves of this life's stormy sea,
 Help us, we pray Thee, O sweet Mother dear,
 Wild winds are blowing, the billows roll high,
 Black clouds surround us, and dark is the night;
 Dear Star of Hope, shine out clear from the sky,
 Guide us poor sinners with thy purest light.
 See how each billow all-threatening rolls,
 See the dark furrows, they yawn wide and deep;
 Legions of Satan make war on our souls,
 Mother, Thy children in tender love keep.
 Let not temptation our poor souls enslave,
 'Gainst our salvation let nothing avail;
 Thy prayer to Jesus our poor souls will save,
 Jesus must hear Thee, Thy prayer will not fail.

74—MARY PUREST

Mary purest, Maiden lowly,
 Mother of our Lord most holy,
 Near Thy altar eager pressing,
 We beseech Thy Mother's blessing;
 See us now in sore affliction;
 Mother, grant Thy benediction;
 Do not let the tempter lead us:
 Mother Mary, do Thou heed us,
 Grant, oh, grant our prayer. (Repeat.)

Thou art our all beauteous Mother,
 Through Thee Jesus is our Brother,
 Keep us, then, we pray, confiding,
 In Thy Jesus' love abiding.
 Mother, by Thy intercession,
 Keep us far from all transgression,
 Far from sin and danger turning,
 Serving Christ with love all burning.
 Mary, hear our prayer. (Repeat.)

75—MARY, MOTHER HOLY

Mary, Mother holy, Queen of Heaven bright,
 Saints and Angels serve Thee, happy in Thy sight.
 Fairer than the morning, brighter than the day,
 Glorious, spotless Mother, we our homage pay.

Thou art Jesus' Mother, object of His love,
 All else far surpassing, far as Heaven above.
 Pity us, we pray Thee, as we raise our eyes,
 Begging Thee to help us, Queen beyond the skies.

Maiden Mother, hear us, for Thy love we claim,
 Asking, as Thy children, help in Jesus' name,
 Thou wilt surely aid us, shield us from all vice
 Leading us to Jesus within Paradise.

76—MARY, MOTHER OF GOD

Mary, Mother of God,
 Of all God's creatures fairest,
 Mary, Mother of God,
 Of earth the flower rarest.
 Save Thy children, we pray,
 Guide us, lest far away,
 From Thee, Lady, we stray,
 Mary, Mother of God.

Mary, Mother of God,
 In all our trials defend us,
 Mary, Mother of God,
 We pray Thee, Queen befriend us.
 By His Blood's saving stream,
 Christ our souls did redeem,
 Let Heaven's light on us beam,
 Mary, Mother of God.

Mary, Mother of God,
 When death on us comes stealing,
 Mary, Mother of God,
 Help us by Thy appealing.
 With Christ for us then plead,
 For us then intercede,
 Thy prayer Jesus will heed,
 Mary, Mother of God.

77—O MARY, MOTHER MARY

O Mary, Mother Mary,
 In Thee we do confide;
 We beg Thee, then, to shield us
 For love of Him who died.
 We need Thy care, O Mother,
 In midst of sin and strife,
 O shield us then, dear Lady,
 And guard us in this life.

O Mary, Mother Mary,
 Do Thou recall Thy pain,
 When on the Mount of Calvary
 Thy loving Son was slain?
 Recall that pain, dear Lady,
 Recall that bitter grief,
 And in our trials and sorrows,
 Send comfort and relief.

78—THERE'S NO ONE LIKE OUR MOTHER
 MARY

There's no one like our Mother Mary,
 So tender, kind and true,
 And such her Son our Savior, made her,
 That we might love her, too.
 For we may search through earth and Heaven,
 No creature can compare
 With Mary, Virgin Queen of Angels,
 And Jesus' Mother fair.

The angel hosts all fair created
 Behold in transports glad,
 The beauty of their Queen so lovely,
 In all Her glory clad.
 Our Father, God, His daughter made her,
 His Mother, too, the Son,
 As spouse the Holy Spirit chose her,
 The Godhead, Three in One.

Then let us love our Mother Mary
 And be her children, too,
 And look to her protection ever,
 As Christ was wont to do.
 'Twill please our Savior, that we love her,
 We'll love Him none the less,
 And Christ will here and then hereafter,
 Our love for Mary bless.

79—MOTHER MARY, SADLY GAZING

Mother Mary, sadly gazing
 On Thy bleeding, dying Son,
 Praying with Him to the Father,
 "Let Thy holy will be done."
 Turn Thy tearful eyes upon me,
 As with Magdalen I kneel,
 Pray the Blood of Jesus flowing,
 My poor sinful soul may heal.
 I'm the wretch that scourged Thy Jesus
 On His head I placed that crown,
 Mine the hands that laid the burden
 Of the cross that weighed Him down.
 Cruel nails my sins have driven,
 Mine the spear that pierced His side,
 Yet my Mother, sure, Thou knowest,
 'Twas for me Thy Jesus died.

Then, dear Mother, pray remember
 That though wicked and defiled,
 As I call Thy Jesus, brother,
 So, too, I must be Thy child.
 As Thy child I pray Thee, Mother,
 That my lot may ever be
 Here and then in Heaven hereafter,
 With Thy Jesus close to Thee.

80—WHO CAN TELL

Who can tell the beauty of the Lord?
 Who has seen His throne?
 Angels blessed know the joys of Heaven
 And the Saints alone.
 For that home we're destined by the Blood
 Of the Crucified:
 Let us live to love and serve the Lord
 Who, to save us, died.

We're redeemed by Christ's most precious Blood
 On Mount Calvary shed;
 Ours will be the glory of the Lord
 Risen from the dead.
 Filled then with the hope of such a home,
 Let us raise our eyes
 To the lasting happiness of Heaven,
 Far beyond the skies.

Angels, Saints and Mary, blessed Queen,
 There will be our friends
 In glad choirs around the throne of God
 Where joy never ends;
 All on earth we ever held most dear,
 Ne'er to part, we'll meet:
 Our desires and souls all satisfied,
 With all joy replete.

81—AS THE SHADES OF NIGHT

As the shades of night around us close,
 Dear Lady, sweet Lady, good-night,
 And Thy children seek their night's repose,
 Dear Lady, sweet Lady, good-night.
 O Thou whom Angels all obey,
 Have them from us keep harm away,
 Until the coming of the day,
 Dear Lady, sweet Lady, good-night.

Through night's dangers keep us all secure,
 Dear Lady, sweet Lady, good-night,
 Souls all holy and our bodies pure,
 Dear Lady, sweet Lady, good-night—
 To guard us send Thy Angels fair,
 And keep us ever in Thy care,
 O Virgin Mother, Maiden rare,
 Dear Lady, sweet Lady, good-night.

82—GOOD-NIGHT, SWEET JESUS

Good-night, sweet Jesus, guard us in sleep,
 Our souls and bodies in Thy love keep.
 Waking or sleeping, keep us in sight,
 Dear, gentle Savior, good-night, good-night—
 Good-night, dear Jesus, good-night, good-night.

Good-night, sweet Jesus, grant that each day
 Of our lives mortal, thus pass away
 Thy love e'er watching, guiding aright,
 Dear, gentle Savior, good-night, good-night—
 Good-night, dear Jesus, good-night, good-night.

Grant, gracious Jesus, when sets the sun
 Of our life earthly and day is done,
 Then take us, Jesus, to Heaven's light,
 Dear, gentle Savior, good-night, good-night.
 Good-night, dear Jesus, good-night, good-night.

83—AT REST WITH GOD

At rest with God in calm and peaceful slumber,
 Within the arms of Christ forever more,
 At home with Saints and Angels without number,
 In Heaven at last with God whom all adore;
 All pain and strife and sorrow sore now ceasing,
 Where sin and death can no more steal away,
 Each moment's gladness ever more increasing,
 Dear soul rejoice in Heaven's eternal day.

Why should we shed our tears in bitter weeping?
 Why breaks the heart in anguish and in pain?
 For well we know the soul's in God's own keeping,
 Safe in His arms, to wander ne'er again.
 Yes, look beyond the bright blue vault above us,
 See mid the throng within the golden gate,
 All friends of Saints are they who dearly love us,
 There in glad hope our coming they await.

84—YE CHERUBIM AND SERAPHIM

Ye Cherubim and Seraphim
 Around my Maker's throne,
 Come, teach me how to know and love,
 And serve my God alone.
 My faith is weak, my love grows cold,
 I need your light and fire,
 Dear Angels bright, with faith and love
 My lowly soul inspire.

Ye Angels of the Sacred Heart
 Aflame with love divine,
 Unto my Lord pray that His love
 May fill this heart of mine,
 And may I, too, God grant the day,
 In Heaven with you be,
 Assisting at Christ's royal throne
 In your glad company.

Ye Angels of the Eucharist
 Who guard in bright array
 The tabernacle of my King
 Throughout the night and day,
 Bear every message to the Heart
 Of Jesus resting there,
 Again returning to my soul
 With answer to my prayer.

Ye Angels of my heavenly Queen,
 Who at her throne attend,
 My earnest pledge of love for her
 To you I now commend.
 My every wish, all my desires
 I place within your hands:
 Dear Angels, place them at her feet,
 Awaiting her commands.

In chorus loud our hymns we sing
 With the angelic host,
 To praise the Father and the Son
 And the thrice Holy Ghost,
 The glorious vision of the blest,
 One God, in Persons Three,
 Lord, grant this vision may be ours
 In Heav'n eternally.

From Advent to the Purification

ALMA Redemptoris Mater, quae pervia coeli
 Porta manes, et stella maris, succurre cadenti,
 Surgere qui curat, populo: tu quae genuisti,
 Natura mirante, tuum sanctum Genitorem,
 Virgo prius ac posterius, Gabrielis ab ore,
 Sumens illud Ave, peccatorum miserere.

IN ADVENT.

V. Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariae.

R. Et concepit de Spiritu sancto.

Oremus.

Gratiam tuam, quaesumus Domine, mentibus nostris, infunde: ut qui, Angelo nuntiante, Christi Filii tui Incarnationem cognovimus, per Passionem ejus et Crucem ad Resurrectionis gloriam perducamur, per eundem Christum Dominum nostrum.

R. Amen.

AFTER ADVENT.

V. Post partum Virgo, inviolata permansisti.

R. Dei Genitrix intercede pro nobis.

Oremus.

Deus, qui salutis aeternae, beatae Mariae virginitate foecunda, humano generi praemia praestitisti: tribue quaesumus, ut ipsam pro nobis intercedere sentiamus, per quam meruimus auctorem vitae suscipere Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum Filium tuum.

R. Amen.

From the Purification till Easter

AVE Regina coelorum,
Ave Domina Angelorum,
Salve radix, salve porta,
Ex qua mundo lux est orta.

Gaude, Virgo gloriosa,
Super omnes speciosa,
Vale, o valde decora,
Et pro nobis Christum exora.

V. Dignare me laudare te, Virgo sacrata.

R. Da mihi virtutem contra hostes tuos.

Oremus.

Concede misericors Deus, fragilitati nostrae praesidium: ut qui sanctae Dei Genitricis memoriam agimus, intercessionis ejus auxilio a nostris iniquitatibus resurgamus. Per eundem Christum Dominum nostrum.

R. Amen.

From Easter Until Trinity

REGINA coeli laetare, alleluia,
Quia quem meruisti portare, alleluia,
Resurrexit sicut dixit, alleluia.
Ora pro nobis Deum, alleluia.

V. Gaude et laetare Virgo Maria, alleluia.

R. Quia surrexit Dominus vere, alleluia.

Oremus.

Deus, qui per resurrectionem Filii tui Domini nostri Jesu Christi mundum laetificare dignatus es; praesta quaesumus, ut per ejus Genitricem Virginem Mariam perpetuae capiamus gaudia vitae. Per eundem Christum Dominum nostrum.

R. Amen.

From Trinity Sunday until Advent

SALVE Regina, Mater misericordiae, vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve. Ad te clamamus exules filii Hevae, ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes in hac lacrymarum valle.

Eia ergo advocata nostra, illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte, et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui nobis post hoc exilium ostende, o clemens, o pia, o dulcis Virgo Maria.

V. Ora pro nobis, sancta Dei Genitrix.

R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

Oremus.

Omnipotens sempiterne Deus, qui gloriosae Virginis Matris Mariae corpus et animam, ut dignum Filii tui habitaculum effici mereretur, Spiritu sancto cooperante, praeparasti: da, ut cujus commemoratione laetamur, ejus pia intercessionem ab instantibus malis, et a morte perpetua liberemur. Per eundem Christum Dominum nostrum.

R. Amen.

V. Divinum auxilium maneat semper vobiscum.

R. Amen.

O SALUTARIS.

O salutaris Hostia,
Quae coeli pandis ostium,
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium.

Uni Trinoque Domino,
Sit sempiterna gloria,
Qui vitam sine termino,
Nobis donet in patria.—*Amen.*

TANTUM ERGO

Tantum ergo Sacramentum
 Veneremur cernui,
 Et antiquum documentum
 Novo cedat ritui;
 Praestet fides supplementum
 Sensuum defectui.

Genitori, Genitoque,
 Laus et jubilatio,
 Salus, honor, virtus quoque,
 Sit et benedictio,
 Procedenti ab utroque
 Compar sit laudatio.—*Amen.*

Panem de coelo praestitisti eis.
 (Alleluia.)

Omme delectamentum in se habentem.
 (Alleluia.)

LAUDATE.

Laudate Dominum omnes gentes, laudate Eum omnes populi. Quoniam confirmata est super nos misericordia Ejus, et veritas Domini manet in aeternum.

Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto,
 Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula saeculorum.—*Amen.*

PRAISE THE LORD.

Praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise Him all ye people. For His mercy is confirmed upon us, and the truth of the Lord remaineth forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost,

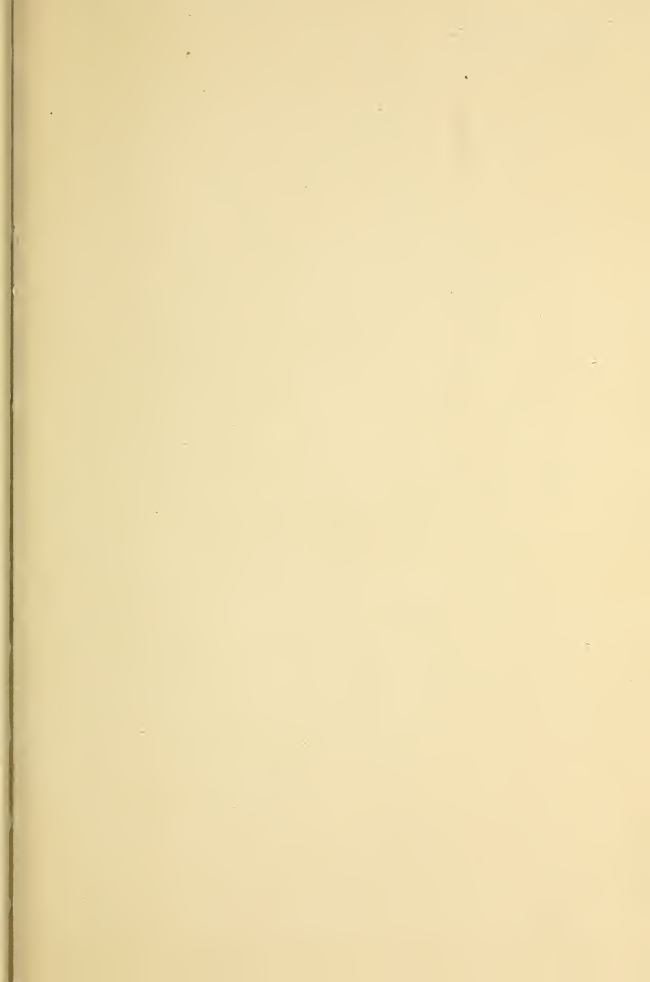
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.—*Amen.*

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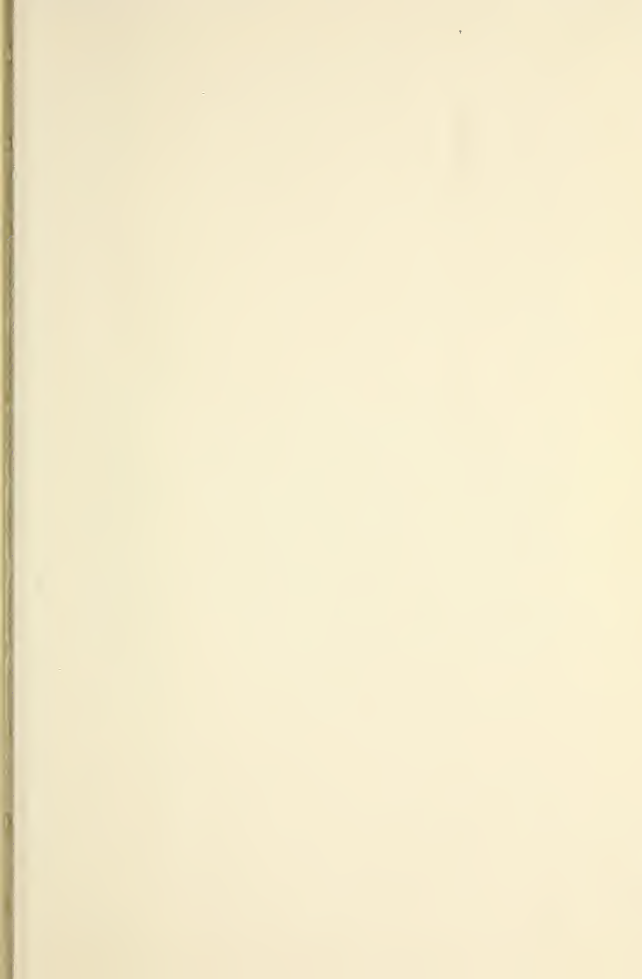
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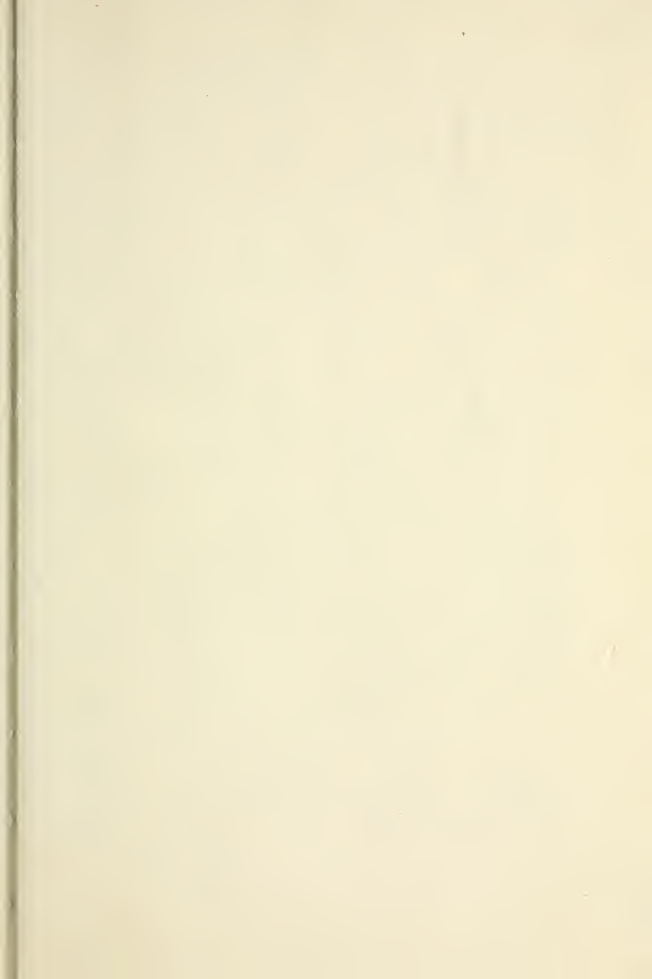
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